



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Watt's Divine Songs for the
Use of Children . 1824

JUV
1824
16

NEDL TRANSFER



HN 5CFW I

JUN 1824.16

KC 644

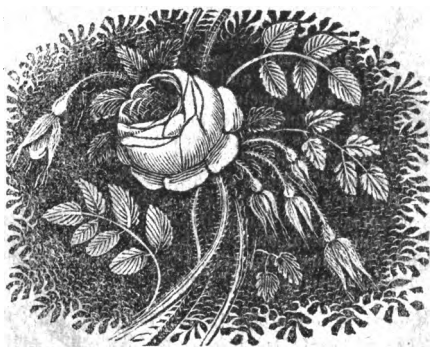
**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**GIFT OF THE
ESSEX INSTITUTE
OF SALEM**

WATTS'
DIVINE SONGS

FOR THE USE OF
CHILDREN.



NEW-HAVEN :
PUBLISHED BY J. BABCOCK AND SON, AND S. BABCOCK
AND CO. 329 KING-ST. CHARLESTON, S. C.

Jul 18 24. 18

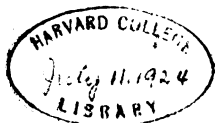
SCHOOL BOOKS

FOR SALE BY

JOHN BABCOCK & SON.

American Orator; Sequel and Introduction to do.; American Preceptor; American Selections; English Reader; Introduction and Sequel to do.; Scott's Lessons; Child's Instructor; Murray's and Webster's Grammars; Columbia Orator; Daboll's, Pike's, Willet's, and Gough's Arithmetics; Morse's, Adams', Cummings', Dwight's, Goldsmith's, and Willet's Geographies; Johnson's, Jones', Entick's, Perry's, Webster's, and Walker's Dictionaries; Shey's and Jackson's Bookkeeping; New-York Reader; Juvenile Mentor; Bibles and Testaments; Webster's, Little's, and Dilworth's Spelling Book; Blair's Lectures; Primmers; Catechisms; Arithmetical Tables, &c.

A great variety of Books for Children; Copy Slips; Dissected Maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America: Also, a large and general assortment of Stationary.



70112 Institute

DIVINE SONGS.



SONG I.

A General Song of Praise to God.

How glorious is our heavenly king
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?

How great his power is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face ;

Nor angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring ;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And Angels shall rejoice,

To hear their mighty Maker's praise,
Sound from a cheerful voice.

SONG II.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I sing the Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon to shine at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good .

'Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known ;

And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

Créatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath ;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye,
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh ?

SONG III.

Praise to God for our Redemption.

Blest be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;

And we his children thus were brought
To death and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood,
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high ;
He pleads his merits there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of Sin.

Then shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice,
Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace !



SONG IV.

Praise for Mercies spiritual and temporal.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve
Yet God has given me more ;

For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold !
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.

SONG V.

Praise for Christian Birth and Education.

Great God to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong,

I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe,
That I was born on christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land,
For rich Peru with all her gold ;
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns,
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy word,
Warn me to escape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven ;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

SONG VI.

Praise for the Gospel.

Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard these glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
heaven ?

How glad the heathen would have been,
Who worship idols, stocks and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known ?

Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up my eyes ?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VII.

The excellency of the Bible.

Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look,
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here I would learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from hell,

Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read those wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.



SONG VIII.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;

**Your little hands were never made
To tear each others' eyes.**

**Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.**

**His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his father too.**

**Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.**



SONG IX.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,

When children of one family,
Fall out and chide and fight.

Hard names at first and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of the fool,
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That as we grow to ripe age,
Our hearts may all be love.



SONG X.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!

And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour and of skill
I would be busy too,
For ~~Satan~~ finds some mischief still
For Idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

SONG XI.

The Sluggard.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him
complain,

“You’ve wak’d me too soon, I must slumber
again ;”

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his
heavy head.

“A little more sleep, and a little more slum-
ber ;”

Thus he wastes half his days and his hours
without number ;

And when he gets up he sits folding his
hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he
stands.

I pass'd by his garden and saw the wild
briar,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader
and higher ;
The clothes that hung on him are turning
to rags,
And his money still wastes, till he starves
or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find,
He had took better care for improving the
mind ;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
drinking ;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never
loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson
for me ;"
That man's but a picture of what I might
be ;
But thanks to my friends for their care
in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working
and reading.



SONG XII.

Innocent Play.

Abroad in the meadows, to see the young
lams
Run sporting about by the side of their
dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves, in a large
open cage,

When they play all in love, without anger
or rage,

How much may we learn from the sight !

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in
mud,

Or dogs, we might play till it ended in
blood,

So foul and so fierce are their natures ;
But Thomas, and William, and such pretty
names,

Should be cleanly and harmless as doves,
or as lambs,

Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that
we say,

Should injure another in jesting or play,

For he's still in earnest that's hurt :

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles
and mire !

There's none but a madman will throw
about fire,

And tell you, "'tis all but in sport."



SONG XIII.

An Ant or Emmet.

These Emmets, how little they are in our
eyes!

We tread them to dust and a troop of them
dies,

Without our regard or concern :

Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their
school,

There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They wear not their time out in sleeping or
play,

But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their work in such regular
forms,

One would think they foresaw all the frosts
and the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping
ant,

If I take not due care for the things I shall
want,

Nor provide against dangers in time :
When death or old age shall stare in my
face,

What a wretch shall I be in the end of my
days,

If I trifle away my prime :

Now, now, while my strength and my
youth are in bloom,

Let me think what will serve me when
sickness shall come,

And pray that my sins be forgiv'n :

Let me read in good books, and believe and
obey,

That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.



SONG XIV.

An Evening Song.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known,
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head,
And thro' the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

**SONG XV.***A Cradle Hymn.*

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;

All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! what glorious features !
Spotless fair, divinely bright !
Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?
How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger,
~~Cursed sinners~~ could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger ?
Did they thus affront the Lord ?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might sound too hard :
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King ;
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
Where they sought him, there they found
him,
With his Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing,
Lovely infant, how he smil'd !
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo ! he slumbers in the manger,
Where the horned oxen fed :
Peace, my darling ! here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise !

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

SEP 11 '53 H

